

CRUEL WIFE-BEATER GETS THREE YEARS.

Joseph Kenna, Who Starved and Kicked His Family, Goes to Sing Sing.

Recorder Goff this morning sentenced Joseph Kenna to three years in Sing Sing for wife-beating and in passing this sentence, which is the severest for such an offense remembered about the Criminal Courts Building, said to the defendant:

"You are, without much doubt, the most cruel man who has ever been brought before me. The story told me by your wife and her friends is such a heart-breaking one that I will not give you the thrashing you deserve."

"Were it not for the fact that you have pleaded guilty I would impose the maximum penalty allowed under the law, but as it is I will sentence you to Sing Sing Prison for a term of three years."

Kenna, a burly, thick-set man of thirty-one years, smiled sullenly, glared at his striking wife and three small children, and was led away to the

Tombs. He was taken to Sing Sing later in the day.

The story told by the wife, Ellen, a fragile, timid woman of twenty-seven years, relates a most remarkable tale of brutality. Her husband is a truck-driver and lived with his family at 74 East Ninth street.

The wife bore him three children in the six years of their married life, the youngest being about two years old. Mrs. Kenna says that in those six years he has beaten her with the butt end of his heavy trucking whip never less than twice a week, and often every day. He also was in the habit of kicking her, slapping her and scratching her. The children fared scarcely better.

The police visited the home to find the woman in bed, covered with sores from the beatings. She had received while the children were black and blue from blows.

Kenna had starved his family, and the wife told the police the only food he had provided them with in a week's time was two eggs.

de Sina, wife of the Russian Ambassador, presented the four American ladies—Medames Claver, W. Bayard Cutting and Von Gersdorff and Miss Justine Cutting—in the Diplomatic Circle.

Mrs. Prescott Butler, wife of the law partner of Mr. Choate, Miss Butler, Mrs. Thomas Reilly and her daughter, and Miss Ruth Snyder, of Philadelphia, were presented in the general circle.

The Queen was wheeled into the throne-room at 1 P. M. accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and other royals.

After receiving the Ambassadors and their wives and several debutantes her Majesty left, and her place was taken by the Princess of Wales. The dresses worn on this occasion were of the most subdued colors.

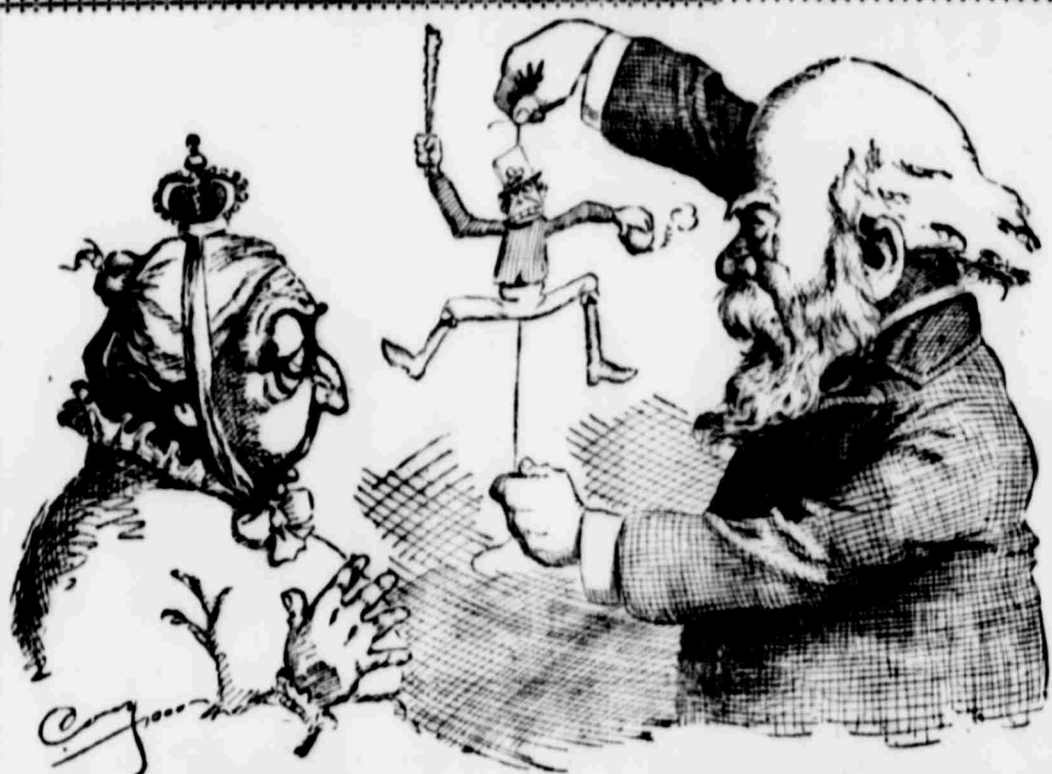
BRIDGE WORKMAN KILLED. Ericsson, Employed on New Structure, Meets Instant Death—Finnegan Mortally Hurt.

While working on the new East River Bridge anchorage, this noon, at the foot of Delancey street, Alexander Ericsson, of 91 Jackson street, fell and was instantly killed.

A fellow workman, John Finnegan, of 21 Varick street, also slipped and fell. His right leg was fractured and he was injured internally. He was taken, dying, to Gouverneur Hospital.

Fireman James O'Brien, of 55 South Main street, Brooklyn, was arrested.

SALISBURY'S BOGIE MAN.



The English Premier Cannot Fool Anybody by This Jack in the Box.

SAVED FROM A SOUBRETTE.

Or, How Frank Carr's Wife Baffled Pearl Marquem.

Scene: Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburg.

Mrs. Frank Carr (wife of manager of the Unique Theatre, bond, petit, breathless—I want a warrant for burglary).

Magistrate Kramer—Who's the thief? Mrs. Carr—Pearl Marquem, leading lady of the Indian Maiden Burlesquers.

Magistrate—What did she steal? Mrs. Carr—My husband.

Magistrate—My! My! How was that? Mrs. Carr—I was sitting at home with my husband. This woman broke into the room and asked him to take her out for a walk. I told her to get out. "I'll steal him," she said, and picking him up in her arms, broke for the door.

Magistrate—What did you do? Mrs. Carr—I grabbed her hair. She scratched my face, but I kept him at home all right.

Magistrate—So she didn't steal him? Mrs. Carr—Not exactly.

Magistrate—Then it was only attempted burglary?

Mrs. Carr—Call it what you like, but

DELMONICO IS SOON TO MARRY.

Old Bachelor Engaged to Miss Edwards, a Brooklyn Girl, Whom He Met at Health Resort.

Charles Delmonico has surrendered unconditionally to Cupid. His engagement to Miss Jeanne Edwards, of Brooklyn, was announced to-day, and surprise almost overwhelmed the numerous friends of the head of the famous firm of restaurateurs. All of them deemed it certain that Charles would follow the family tradition and die a bachelor. But they reckoned without the power of a woman's eyes.

All of the last generation of Delmonicos died bachelors. The family name would have perished only that Miss Delmonico married Charles Crest.

Charles Delmonico is the son of that marriage. He took the name of Delmonico by special law.

Mr. Delmonico suffers from rheumatism. He went to Virginia Hot Springs for relief six weeks ago. The life of the place was Miss Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Edwards, of St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, who was staying there with her parents. Mr. Edwards is an Englishman and a member of the manufacturing firm of Hanan & Edwards.

Mr. Delmonico was smitten. He lingered on at the Springs until Mr. Edwards returned, and then came to New York with them. Now comes the announcement of the engagement.

The wedding, it is said, will take place pretty soon.

Mr. Edwards, when seen at his factory, confirmed the Evening World's account of his daughter's engagement. Miss Jeanne and her mother are out of town.

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Mrs. Carr (booming)—Oh, thank you, kind sir. (Exit triumphantly.)

Magistrate—Maybe he'll call it petit

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FIRE ROUTED 600 CHILDREN

Five Points Mission in a Blaze That Threatened Great Destruction.

Six hundred children in Five Points Mission fled for their lives from fire at 11.30 o'clock this morning.

The flames started in a ramshackle barn about sixty feet square lying between the Mission House on one side and a row of five-story tenements facing on Pearl street.

It was a two-story frame structure rented out by H. L. Flynn as a stable. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The structure was burning fiercely when the engines arrived.

Teachers and pupils in Five Points Mission had no warning until the flames began licking the window sashes in the rear of the building.

Philip Trotteme, a fifteen-year-old lad, went from room to room and notified the teachers.

The Mission children have a fire drill, but in the excitement it was forgotten. For all that the 600 pupils got out with little disorder.

Detective James Barry, of the Special Sessions Squad, was superintending the marriage of George Taylor, a prisoner, to Louise Hutson, when the alarm was sounded. He left his charges in Rev. A. K. Sanford's keeping and helped maintain order in the hall as the children passed out. If Orrington Bending, of the Hotel Imperial, was passing at the time and assisted.

The window frames in the rear of the mission were burned out completely. The heat of the flames warped the shutters in the rear of the R. G. Dun Co.'s bookbindery, adjoining the Mission.

The Pearl street tenements on the other side of the burning stables were quickly emptied of their occupants. Officer Murphy carried out Louis Retzagato, seventy years old, and bed-ridden.

While a wedding was performed in the Mission on one side of the wall of flame a child was born in the tenement-house.

The flames reached the rooms on the fourth floor of 64 Pearl street, occupied by Mrs. Mary Meehan and a baby one day old. Mrs. Vaughan rescued the baby, and James Healey carried Mrs. Meehan down in his arms.

A \$200 organ and a \$20 piano which stood against the rear wall of the mission were ruined by fire and water.

DUKE OF ARGYLL BURIED AMID HIGHLAND CLANS.

LONDON, May 11.—The funeral of the Duke of Argyll, who died April 24, took place this afternoon at Inverary, Argyshire. The chiefs and clansmen gathered from all parts of the Highlands and the Queen and the Prince of Wales were both represented. The procession was headed by pipers.

ACTRESS SUES AGED BEAU FOR \$50,000.

Mrs. Hunter Seeks Balm for Sore Heart.

Lawyer Man Courted and Decided Not to Wed.



A \$50,000 breach-of-promise suit is indignant Clara Barton Hunter's reply to Lawyer Frederick H. Man's refusal to marry her. He has offices at 56 Wall street and is rich and a member of the Union League Club and the Bar Association.

Mrs. Hunter said she met Man in a business transaction. Then began a stream of compliments, flowers and dinners. She visited his family at Budd's Lake. Then she went to Europe. On her return, she says, Man proposed marriage.

"On Washington's Birthday," said Mrs. Hunter, "Mr. Man told me he couldn't

support a family. The idea! He's sixty years old. He's been seen so much with me in public I'm compromised. That's about it."

Mr. Man has a son and a daughter. He is divorced and lives at 120 East Thirty-fourth street.

"This is all nonsense," said Frederick Man this morning. "I never wrote her a love letter, not one. I never promised to marry her. Why should I? She calls me an old fossil. Ha! ha! Well, she was twenty-four thirteen years ago. That makes her thirty-seven now. And they call her a young lady! No, sir, I'm not an old fossil. Look at me. Marry? Not much! I'm satisfied with my own society."

After the official journal had been approved a delegate from India called attention to the fact that all of the members were not American citizens and asked to have the Union Jack displayed on the platform with the Stars and Stripes.

The suggestion was greeted with shouts of disapproval, and Bishop Fowler prevented trouble by ruling it out of order. Even then it was some time before quiet was restored.

KILLED WRONG WOMAN.

James Baxter Wanted to Murder His Wife—Sentenced to Twenty Years in Prison.

James Baxter, of Wilmington, Del., who was convicted of murder in the second degree several weeks ago, was sentenced to-day by Judge Garrison, in Camden, N. J., to twenty years' imprisonment.

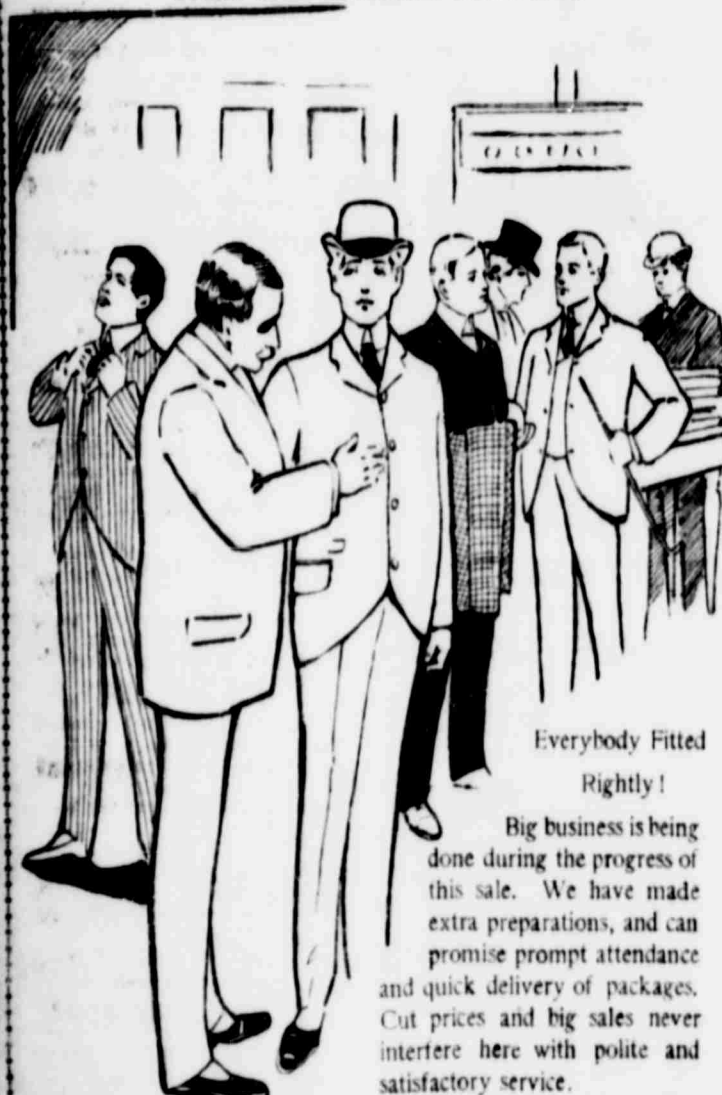
Baxter, who was separated from his wife, went to the home of Mrs. Ryan, in Camden, last September, where his wife was living, with the intention of killing her. By mistake he killed Mrs. Ryan.

CHICAGO, May 11.—A lively row occurred at the Methodist General Conference here to-day over a proposal to fly the British flag on the platform.

As the woman delegate question was turned up the largest crowd yet seen came out. The veterans who oppose the admission of women to the annual conference on scriptural grounds were ready for further aggressive warfare, as were also the champions of the woman delegate.

In accordance with a resolution recently adopted the conference hall was draped in the national colors to-day.

STORE OPEN SATURDAY TILL 9 P. M.



Everybody Fitted Rightly!

Big business is being done during the progress of this sale. We have made extra preparations, and can promise prompt attendance and quick delivery of packages. Cut prices and big sales never interfere here with polite and satisfactory service.

All sorts, all sizes, all styles, all shades are in this lot in the newest of Spring Single Sacks (waistcoats single or double breasted). There are Worsteds, Cassimeres, Cambrides, Oxfords, Cheviots, Tibets, Tweeds, Serges and Striped Flannels.

Don't Delay, but Select Your Suit Before It Goes on Some One Else's Back.

Wm Vogel & Son

And Now for an Eye-Opener!

Thousands will open wide their eyes in astonishment when they see an advertisement this unusual size from us. And the wonder will grow greater when they learn what it is all about. Yet the cause is worthy all the advertising we can give it, for

We Have Grouped Together All

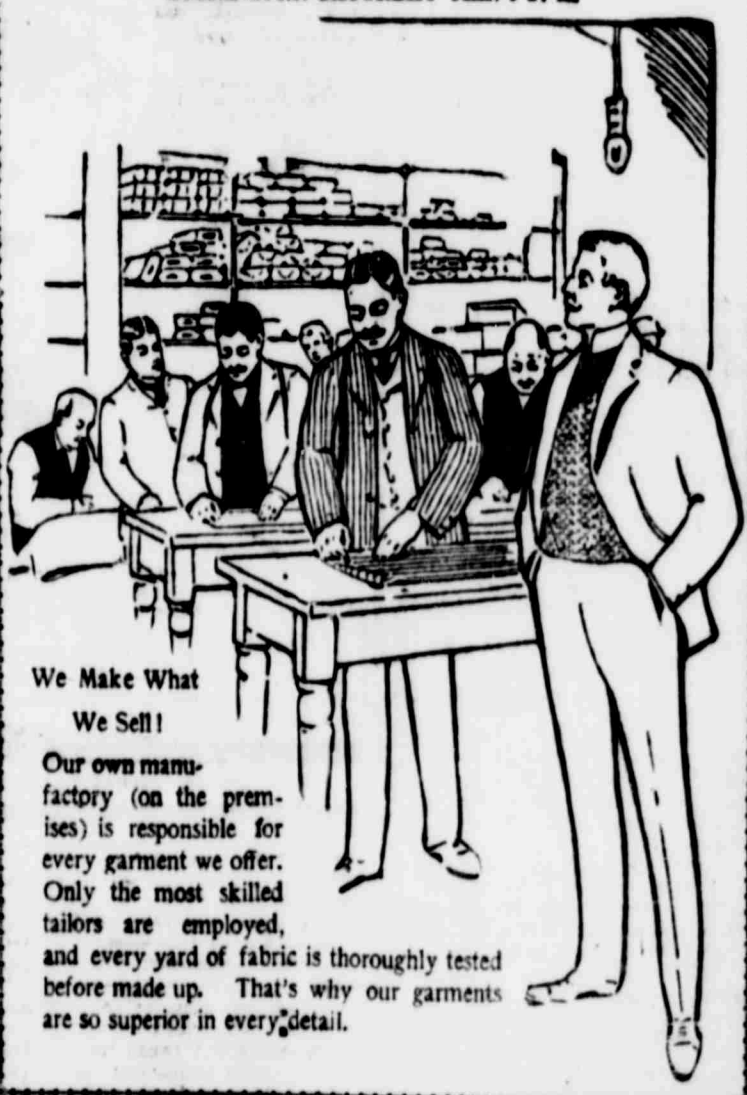
\$16.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00 Spring Suits

to go Suddenly, Swiftly, Sensationally at the

Paltry Price of **\$12.50** Per Suit.

A Chance Like This Is, of Course, the Chance of Chances. Act Quick.

STORE OPEN SATURDAY TILL 9 P. M.



We Make What We Sell!

Our own manufactory (on the premises) is responsible for every garment we offer. Only the most skilled tailors are employed, and every yard of fabric is thoroughly tested before made up. That's why our garments are so superior in every detail.

Every Suit is finished in a thoroughly first-class manner (because made by us in our own workrooms). All have Pure Mohair Serges and Farmer Satin Lining, and every Suit is sewed with pure dye Silk. The assortment is immense, so that everybody can be suited at TWELVE-FIFTY.

The Reasons for This Sale:

These Suits were not made for a sale, but were made for our regular trade. But business had been so big, so far beyond all previous seasons and so ahead of our calculations, that our regular lines of \$16.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00 Suits became sadly broken. We venture to say that many made-to-order \$30 Suits are not superior to these ready-made that we are clearing at \$12.50.

We are running our manufactory under full pressure to fill up the gaps in the regular lines, and in the mean time have concluded to clear out all the broken lines at a price sensational in the extreme—but a price that is bringing us an immense trade and is making us more solid than ever with the public.

Wm Vogel & Son

BROADWAY AND HOUSTON STREET.

Wm Vogel & Son